

BENEVOLENCE.

Ob, let us never lightly fling—
A bark of woe to wound another—

Ob, never let us hasten to bring—
A cup of sorrow to a brother.

Each has a power to wound—but he
Who wounds that he may witness pain,
Has lost the law of charity,
Which never inflicts a pang in vain.

Tis given to us to awaken joy,
Or sorrow's influence to subdue;
But not to wound—not to annoy—
Is part of virtue's lesson too.

Peace, wing'd by favor world's love,
Shall bend her down, and forgotten this,
When all men's favour shall be love,
And all men to judge us—

Our friends, the officers and soldiers of the revolution who yet survive, will be pleased with the spirit and eloquence of the following extract.

From the N.Y. Evening Post.

THE SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION
Extract from an oration delivered at Greenbush, N.Y. July 4, 1829, by James G. Birney, Esq. of the New York Courier and Enquirer.

"But it is not ours to look forward through dark and shadowy futurity, to see the fate of American liberty tossing on the waters of desolation. Let us not prophesy the gloom nor foretell the tempest. Come they must—and dismay, and peril, and destruction must come with them. It is an idle dream to attribute immutability and eternity to the institutions of man—Wisdom may foresee—genius may direct—and valor may uphold—but sooner or later the voice of destiny goes forth, and they fall to ashes at its awful sound. Let us enjoy the present, and hope for our posterity that the gray twilight which cometh from afar, may be slow in its approach to this land of freedom.

"Look around, fellow citizens, and behold your present blessing! Behold your immense dominions, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific—Behold the fertility of your soil, the power of your arms, the increase of your population; the peace, the happiness, the prosperity, which sparkle like sunlight all over your land. Compare the situation of your country now with what it was fifty years ago, when its fields were wasted by war—its women fading with famine, and its sons with no reliance but in God and their own just cause, waging an uncertain contest with the mightiest nation in Europe. Look on the picture and exult—for never had any people higher cause for exultation.

"This is a bright view—but there is a dark one to be exhibited, at which honor turns pale, and humanity shudders. To whom are you indebted for your freedom, and its concomitant blessings? Where are your fathers—the founders of your nation—the self devoted, the bold, the resolute, and high hearted? What reward has been meted to their unexampled services? What honor have been rendered to their matchless worth? The gratitude of republics! the faith of republics! the honor of republics! Alas—alas—are they indeed but shadows? or has the tardy justice so lately wrung from your unwilling representatives redeemed the character of the nation and buried the past in oblivion? Year after year the grey headed fathers of the revolution, trembling with age, pale with penury, and broken in heart, appealed to your congress, not for charity, but for the payment of their claims. They trusted their country in her poverty—they sought not for payment until she was rich and prosperous. After long years of delay, provision was made for settling their claims, coupled, however, with conditions so insulting, that their hearts swelled with indignant sorrow as they complied. Yes, the soldier of the revolution was obliged to appear in open court, and in the presence of the gaping throng, to swear that he was a pauper, in danger of becoming the tenant of a poor house, before he could receive the paltry pittance allotted to him by his country.—And be it remembered, that this was in payment of as equitable a claim as ever man had held against man.

Can you wonder that some of them rejected with scorn the charity thus scornfully offered? It is about ten years since I saw one of these ancient warriors, who had been a Colonel in your army, apply to the Judge of a County Court for the pension allowed him by Congress. He was told that he must go into court and swear that he was a pauper, before he could receive it. Never shall I forget the hazing of the old man, as he lay prostrate, in a tone as firm as that which once led his followers to victory—never will I proclaim and record my poverty, my abject position. That was the spirit which grappled with the lion of England—that was the arm which hurled down the banner of St. George—that was the eye which never

slept until the last vessel of our baffled foe was lost in the convextity of the ocean, and the earth of America was unpolluted by a hostile foot. In one month that old man was a corpse—he died of a broken heart!

Shall I cite other instances? Shall I take you to the prison house of Robert Morris—the gaol of the gallant Barton—the cold and desolate hut of St. Clair? Can St. Clair and Morris leap from their graves, and enjoy the long withheld and lately imparted justice of their country? Go—open their sepulchres, and shower gold into their coffins, and call upon them to awake and learn that Republics are grateful—and your answer will be still, the awful silence of death! Your gratitude comes too late!

Anecdote of Peter the Great.

The College of Finance consulted him about a very aged foreigner, who had served thirty years, and who was not able to perform the duties of his post, desiring to know whether he might be permitted to retire on half pay. The question distressed the Czar.

What cried in, shall a man who has spent his youth in my service, be exposed to poverty in his old age. No, give him the whole of his pay as long as he lives, without requiring any thing from him, as he is unable to serve—but take his advice in whatever relates to his profession; and profit by his experience.

Who would sacrifice the most valuable
years of his life, if he knew he was doomed to poverty in his old age, and he, to whom his youth was devoted, would neglect him when worn out?

"Tuck in your ruffle, Thomas—We have a few nails to make," said a blacksmith to his son, as he came from school at 12 o'clock. Thomas tucked in his ruffle, and took off his coat, and was a blacksmith till he had earned his dinner, and then ate it with a good relish—"Put out your ruffle, Thomas, it is school time now," said the father. This is the picture of one day; but it would answer just as well for a good many others. Thomas expected it; and felt just as happy at the anvil with his ruffle tucked in, as his mates at their play.

It would be no bad notion, "in these hard times," for many a young man to tuck in his ruffle, and swing an axe, or hold a plough, or make a nail—for many a young man, whose expectations of riches from the gains of trade are sadly disappointed, to earn a living in some calling which the world honors less but pays better,—some humble occupation, which, while it holds out no delusive hope of immense wealth by a single speculation, assures him of competent food and raiment.

We should here recommend Agriculture, in a special manner. Not such farming as consists, in first running in debt for lands and mortgaging them back for payment, then borrowing money to put up fine buildings, and then hiring men to carry on the farm. No! This is not the way. But lay your shoulder to the wheel—tuck in your ruffle, and earn your bread by the sweat of your brow. It will be the sweetest you ever ate.

OLD EXPERIENCE.

Remarkable case of an insect supposed to be hatched in the human body.

BALSTON, Spa, July 5, 1829.

Dear Sir—The following recital of a phenomenon which happened about a year since, will be a subject of inquiry among naturalists and physicians. A young woman, the daughter of a respectable farmer in Edinburgh, Saratoga county, New-York, while in a field of new mown hay, felt the sting of a large green grasshopper, as she then expressed it. Some time in the following winter, she discovered a tumor on the shoulder between the caracori and acromian process, attended with some pain and uneasiness. After about three weeks continuance, it disappeared from the shoulder, and she felt a pain along the course of the clavicle; and in May, it appeared at the side of the neck, partly under the sterno clenia mastoicles muscle. Her physician treated for scrofula with apparent success, for it again disappeared, until July, when it was felt once more at the shoulder—the tumor about the size of a hen's egg, and with evident fluctuation, when it was opened with a small discharge of unhealthy pus, and along with it a living grasshopper, two inches in length, and breadth proportionate. The only conclusion is that the egg must have been deposited the year before, and arrived to maturity by a process of incubation.

Should you think this narrative worthy of being generally known, you are at

I remain your friend, &c.

Sam'l L. Mitchell, M.D. L.L.B. &c.

Bath, (England) is a very fashionable place, a town of that city state that beggars, who search among the ashes and dust heaps for any thing and every thing, use kid gloves. The march of refinement indeed!

LADIES—TAKE WARNING:

From the National Gazette.

A physician of Vermont, D. Palmer, has stated in the newspapers, a melancholy case of death, from tight-lacing. It is that of a young lady of eighteen. He adds to his recital these remarks.

"Thus was a life, fortified, and as it were, insured by one of the most vigorous constitutions, thrown away in obedience to the dictates of fashion. The cases of lingering disease, of slowly protracted, yet certain death from the same cause, are almost of daily occurrence. Many of our finest female faces are seen for a few weeks at church, growing gradually paler; then we find them at home with their cheeks suffused with the hectic flush, and the keenly intelligent eye that tells of the fire that is consuming within; and soon we are told that the consumption has secured its victim.

"Very many of these cases I have traced to improprieties in the mode of dress; but it has never occurred to me to witness any other case, in which death was produced by this cause so suddenly as in the one I have now described."

Propriety is to a woman what the great Roman critic says action is to an orator, it is the first, the second, and the third requisite. A woman may be knowing, active, witty, and amusing, but without propriety she cannot be amiable. Propriety is the centre in which all the lines of duty and agreeableness meet. It is to character what proportion is to figure, and grace to attitude. It does not depend on any one perfection, but it is the result of general excellence. It shows itself by a regular, orderly, undeviating course; and never starts from its sober orbit into any splendid eccentricities; for it would be ashamed of such praise as it might extort by any observations from its proper path. It renounces all commendation but what is characteristic; and I would make it the criterion of true taste, right principle, and genuine feeling in a woman, whether she would be less touched with the flattery of romantic exaggerated panegyric, than with that beautiful picture of correctness & propriety which Milton draws of our Cash. All kinds of Country Produce will be taken.

E. M.
July 21.

In Gloucester, R. I. Judge Tourtelot, and Messrs. Wheeler and Steere agreed to fire a salute on the 4th. No

cannon were at hand; but the road being somewhat rough, they concluded to charge thirteen large rocks on the road side and blast them at sunrise. Judge Tourtelot commenced the salute, which was answered on his right and left by Messrs. Wheeler and Steere, until thirteen large rocks were shivered to ten thousand pieces Ib.

EPHRAIM MARTIN,

TAILOR,

R EPECTFULLY informs his Friends and former customers, and the Public in general, that he has become a Subscriber to Mr. ALLEN WARD'S PRINTING PROTRACTOR SYSTEM for cutting all kinds of Garments,

which system is in general use throughout the United States, and is, in my opinion, and in the opinion of many others that I have spoken to, the best that ever has been introduced in our country. Every Subscriber to Mr. Ward's System receives, from Philadelphia, a Book of the Fashions every three months, which will enable them at all times to cut and make fashionable work.

Any person wishing to become a Subscriber to the above system can be accommodated by calling on the Subscriber, who has been legally appointed agent, by Mr. Ward.

The Subscriber still
continues to carry on the TAILORING BUSINESS, at his old stand in the West corner of the Diamond, Gettysburg—where the best and most Fashionable work shall be done, on the shortest notice and at reasonable prices, for Cash. All kinds of Country Produce will be taken.

E. M.

July 21.

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS the Hon. JOHN REED Esq. President of the several Courts of Common Pleas, in the Counties composing the Ninth District, and Justice of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer, and General Jail Delivery, for the trial of all capital and other offenders in the County of Adams—have issued their precept, bearing date the 23d day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine, and to me directed, for holding a Court of Common Pleas, and General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, and General Jail Delivery, and Court of Oyer and Terminer, at Gettysburg, on Monday the 24th day of August next.

HANNAH MOORE.

Virtue is the most noble and secure possession a man can have. Beauty is worn out by time, or impaired by sickness—riches lead youth rather to destruction than welfare; and without prudence, are soon lavished away. While virtue alone, the only good that is ever durable, always remains with the person that has once entertained her. She is preferable to both wealth and noble extraction.

Original Anecdote.—Some years since one of our Supreme Judges was privately reprimanding an attorney for bringing several small suits into the Court over which he presided, remarking that it would have been much better for both parties in each case had he persuaded his clients to leave their causes to the arbitration of a few honest men.—"Please your honor," retorted the Lawyer, "we did not choose to trouble honest men with them."

Conn. Sen.

Raising the Wind.—A genteel looking man purchased of a confectioner 150 tarts, for which he paid, and ordered them to be sent to his house (giving his address) at a certain hour in the evening.

Our gentleman then steps into a jeweller shop next door, and after looking at various articles, agreed to take a diamond ring, valued at 60 dollars. Unfortunately, however, he has forgotten his purse, and has not enough of money to pay for the ring. He tells the jeweller that one of his neighbors knows him, and he will be responsible for him. He then steps out and returns in a few moments with the confectioner, to whom he says, in the presence of the jeweller, 'You will oblige me by giving this person 60 out of the 150 which you were to bring to my house this evening.' He then walked on with the ring; and at 8 o'clock precisely the jeweller received 60 tarts from his neighbor, the confectioner.

Noah.

[Here Noah left the story; and it seemed at first that tart had cut diamond: but after Noah came away, we learn that the genteel looking man, returned with the diamond ring, which proved to be only glass, and demanded his sixty tarts.]

Bost. Sent.

DR. RICHARD RONALDSON.
PRICES.—At six months credit, for approved paper, or at a discount of 5 per cent for cash.

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Valuable Property FOR SALE.

WILL be offered at PUBLIC SALE, on Thursday the 1st day of October next, on the premises, the following valuable Property:

A Tract of first rate LIMESTONE LAND,

Late the Estate of JOHN MCREADY, deceased, situate partly in Conowago, and partly in Mount Pleasant townships, Adams county, Pa., adjoining lands of Henry Wirt, Abraham Reif, Henry Herting, Widow Willis, and others, and containing

221 Acres, & 118 Perches, neat measure, PLEASANT LAND.

The Improvements are, a two-story

Log House, a 1½ story

House, a Still-house, a double log Barn, and other Out-buildings; an elegant Well of water, with a Pump, convenient to the house, also a good Spring, convenient to the house:

Two Lime-stone Quarries

opened, with a sufficient quantity to carry on the Distilling of liquor, burning timber, an Orchard, two Meadows, one of

which can be well watered;

An elegant Mill Seat,

which has been indicated by a Millwright. This Farm is just below the little Conowago creek, one mile from the Roman Catholic Chapel, roundabout from Hanover; a public road, passing the door; and has long been known as one of the surest, and as productive as any in the neighborhood. Persons wishing to see the property will call on Thomas McReady, one of the last owners, who resides on the Farm, and who will shew the same.

The above mentioned Farm can be divided, very advantageously, into two. The Conditions, five thousand dollars in hand, on the first of April next, the remainder in six equal yearly payments. An indisputable title, clear of all incumbrances, will be given. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A.M. on said day, when attendance will be given by

THOMAS MCREADY, Esq.

JOSEPH MCREADY, Esq.

June 30.

GETTYSBURG GUARDS, ATTENTION!

A ELECTION will be held at the house of James Gourley, on Saturday the 1st of August next, between the hours of 10 A.M. and 6 P.M. to elect one CAPTAIN in the room of Capt. T. C. MILLER, resigned.

J. SANDERS, Brig. Insp.

July 21.

FOR SALE,

A Valuable Property,

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